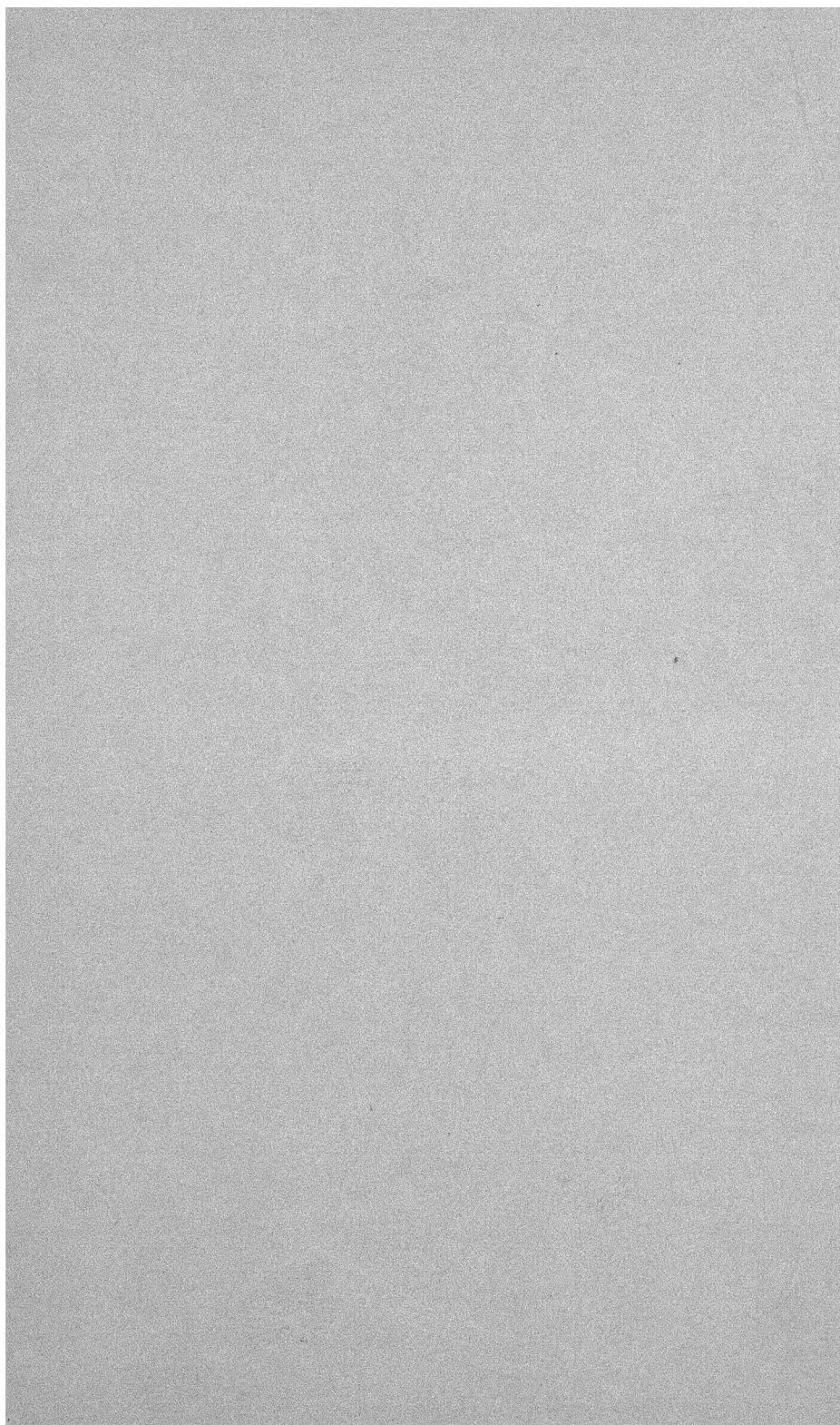


**BELLINGHAM, EDYTHE**

**CANADA,  
THE LAND OF HOPE**

**1913**



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Bellingham (Exhibit)

Portions of this Article appeared

in the

"CANADIAN GAZETTE,"

March 27th, 1913, issue,

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JERSEY :

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1913.

Peel 2d, 2364

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# CANADA,

## THE LAND OF HOPE!

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It was on September 4th, (1912) that I started for Canada, leaving Jersey in a mist of small rain, the little party who were accompanying us left the Island a day later. They were met by the London & North Western Agent at Southampton, and later on by myself at Waterloo, there they were taken to Euston in the Railway 'bus, and at midnight on the 5th left for Liverpool, where they were met by Canadian Pacific Railway Agents, and taken to the splendid offices of the Company, where accommodation has been arranged for the reception of third class passengers. Breakfast can be obtained on the premises very cheaply (in fact, practically at cost price). All necessary attention having been given them and tickets examined, they were driven down to the landing stage, and there taken by the tender on board the steamer. They were well provided for on the magnificent *Empress of Britain*, and all expressed themselves more than satisfied with the food, attention and accommodation. They were kept happy during the voyage playing all manner of deck games in the daytime and with concerts in the evenings, and it was remarked by many that the Third Class passengers were getting more fun out of the ocean voyage than any others on the ship.

We reached Quebec on Thursday at midnight, and disembarked on Friday morning. What a busy crowd we were, getting our baggage examined and checked, then filing into the Immigration Hall for medical examination, etc., and what patience the officials exercised, because we new comers knew so little of what we ought to do. If only we could keep quiet and be patient we would find it so much easier to get on. At last we had bought what food we needed and made all preparations for our train journey.

We are on the threshold of a new life and we begin our success or failure by the manner in which we meet the little difficulties which confront us from the start. They are only difficulties because we make them so, nevertheless they have to be faced and we must always remember that the grumbler will find a great many to grumble with if he seeks them. But I must admit that our little party were cheerful and happy and it was without any doubt of their determination to "get on" that I parted with them when the Colonist train left Quebec. They were all bound for different points in Canada and are now at home in the new land. When I said "Good bye" to them I said "Good morning" to my work.





Late in the evening I reached Montreal, selected an hotel, and after eating a good meal, which I was quite ready for, soon retired to rest. In the morning I wakened and thought there were many church bells ringing, but they were only the bells on the locomotives, which ring when trains are moving in and out of the depôts. Breakfast came next, and then I set out to find some of our good people. I found many, happy, contented, and certainly looking well. They quickly assured me that they would not return to the old country to work, though all hold the patriotic love for their own home, (England), which all good men and women admire.

Montreal is still forging ahead, and those who look upon that great city as stagnant would do well to go out along the new Boulevards and see how the houses are being built and occupied at once by prosperous looking people. What about the "out of works" in Montreal, did you ask? why, they are there too, keeping up their reputation; as the man said in our police court some years ago "I never 'ave worked, and I never will work," and the strangest thing of it all is that they never do work. But let us see to it that we keep *our* wasters out of Canada, and so give our good men and women the chance they deserve. In this way we will be building up this great country instead of helping to spoil it. The demand for good people even here was great, and farm workers and domestics were asked for who could be placed right in the province of Quebec.

While the possibilities in this and other Eastern districts are very marked, the West holds us spellbound. Winnipeg with its eleven miles of track, with its wide streets, its fine buildings, the hotel Royal Alexandra, operated by the Canadian Pacific Ry., its factories, stores, street car system all point to growing prosperity. The Immigration Hall at Winnipeg is well worth a visit, we were privileged to go through it and to see what splendid arrangements are made here for the reception of new comers. Families are housed and looked after until they start off to their final destination; a large cooking stove is provided in the kitchen for those who wish to cook their meals while they remain in the building. Those who may need it can have the attention of the doctor, and a trained nurse is kept for the benefit of any children who may fall ill during the journey. It must not be supposed that this Hall is in any way a home for lazy or incompetent people, it is just a place where good settlers can get helped on their way to work, and this help and assistance is free.

The Women's Welcome Hostel here, as in other centres, is superintended by a kindly lady who works hard to help those who come to her. Situations can always be obtained through the Hostel by good, reliable domestics. I was able to visit many of these homes and was much surprised at the personal interest taken in the different girls who were then in residence. Twenty-four hours free board and lodging is given to all new comers.

It is surprising that more dairy farmers do not go to the district around Winnipeg. There is much good land there available and the demand for milk is such that some of the Winnipeg supply comes from the States. It is certainly evidence of the profit which the man on the spot can make when it is possible to pay freight from such a distance.

The journey from Winnipeg to Regina was made through good farm land and on every side prosperity was evident, but it would be erroneous to suggest that the prosperous settler has done nothing more than go to the country and sit down till "luck" came. To succeed means to work and to be prepared to show grit when trouble comes. It does come, even in Canada we cannot expect to live without some reverses, but there is not the hopelessness about it that we experience in the old land where so many of us are working on the "bare end," that when trouble comes we lose heart. Here in the new country, if we are face to face with ruin to-day, provided we are workers, we will soon be on our feet again. This is no idle saying. It is the experience of many.

I found in many cities our good, steady people living in comfort and comparative affluence. They were struggling hard at home to pay their way and could barely do that. When I asked them if they were satisfied with Canada I sometimes met the reply, "Oh, yes ! but it costs so much to live !" Now it costs according to how you live, and these very people were living WELL, they were enjoying pleasures which at home they never dreamed of, and still saving. But the ability to forget is such that they had completely forgotten the "scrape and screw" of the old land. They were not discontented, but just gloried in a little grumble. Oh, we English do like to grumble, don't we ?

Regina, where we found many of our good people happily settled, is a fine, growing place, and although I cannot quite agree with the ambitious "Reginian" who told me that Regina would knock Winnipeg into a "cocked hat," yet we have only to see the Parliament Buildings, to note their position, to see that this city means to get round behind that site and hem it in well.

Here I searched for a woman who left our town some eighteen months ago and failed to find her, but at last I was told that a married couple "lived in the white house over there," and the woman answered to my description. There she was, right enough, happily married to a fine, stalwart, educated man ; I was told when she left for Canada that it was a mistake for her to go, she could not do the work in Canada, etc., etc., she worked well enough, however, and found her way right into the heart of a good man who knew a good woman when he saw her. This experience is common with the girl who is content to work and not to go to Canada with the one object of getting married.

After a busy, pleasant day, I left at night for Saskatoon and was met there in the early morning by two of our own men, good workmen who are fast making their way in the land of their adoption. They drove me in an Auto to an hotel and then went to their work. It was only 7.30 a.m. The morning I spent in getting about at business. After lunch my two friends brought the Auto, and took me for a drive around the city, and then away out on the prairie. Saskatoon is making haste, and it is doing it well. The progress there is marvellous; buildings of a fine character are being put up, and side by side with them are the lesser temporary buildings, which, as opportunity offers and time permits will be replaced by better structures. To describe it is impossible; it must be seen to be understood. I saw a mission house of very fine proportions being towed down the main street. It was being replaced by a Church.

We hear often that there are no churches for young people in Canada—don't believe it, there are many. In every town, however small, the religious life of the people is well cared for, and in every case where the churches are not yet built, mission houses are established. It is true that men and women go astray in Canada, and it is equally true that they will always do so; in our largest cities, where churches abound, we have abundant proof of this. There are those who think that the weaklings of society should be dumped into a new land so that they may reform, isn't this something like building a house with rotten wood? We English should keep before us the glorious truth that Canada is a BRITISH COUNTRY, not merely a Colony, and that our reputation, as well as the Canadians', is at stake.

That same evening I left for Edmonton, passing through grand wheat lands with crops still in the stuke. Threshing was being done in some fields. What fields! What prospects for the worker! In every place the cry was, send us good men, \$40 a month, all found, was being offered all through the West for farm labourers.

I arrived at Strathcona (South Edmonton) in the early morning, and, before giving any further information, I would say to those who want to know what part of Canada to go to, go to Edmonton, in the early morning, now, get there and get into one of the most beautiful Western cities while it is still young. Edmonton must have been in the fairies' good books, they have given her everything to make her attractive. Hills, trees, and water to suit the eye of the fastidious, and natural advantages for business to suit the mind of the commercial man. There is abundance of work for the worker in every possible trade, provided always that he will work at anything till he can find his niche. Real Estate has gone up in this city, as all well know, not by sheer booming, but by reason of the marvellous development of the place itself. It cannot go back; it has the north to feed, and in the near future Edmonton will be one of the four great cities in

Canada. I found here so many of our good people that before I was aware of it, six whole days had gone. The scene on Strathcona Heights with the shacks dotted here and there between the trees will soon be changed, but never will the memory of it leave my mind. It was so suggestive of a great beginning, the foundation of home life in its most real sense. Two rooms in each shack, not much, you say, but enough to make a happy home, and the land each shack is on, belongs to the inhabitants. They have bought it, and they are building up their future, in the two rooms where the woman is holding her part of the work, and it is a very real part too; she often feels lonely, but she looks forward and knows that soon, very soon, they will have a house, and then, very soon, they will have a holiday, a really good holiday, when they will go to see the friends at home. Happy! yes, they are happy, and the husband and wife spend pleasant evenings together; there is no need to bicker as to whether Johnny wants boots, or Mary's coat must go another season—there is enough to pay for all necessities and a bit over, and very often a BIG BIT OVER. But the wise couples who go to Canada watch that little surplus, and treat it so carefully that they soon become independent. We know there are many who fail and we have seen them and know why they fail; they are looking for a soft job, as they call it, but soft jobs bring soft pay and the soft pay soon melts. No, Canada is the home of the worker, whether it be manual or brain work, and the man who has no grit will do well to "bide a wee with mither"; there are some of ours in this city who by good work, and careful living have won positions of trust, and have held out a hand of welcome and help to many from their own town. They have not been long getting to their present comfort, and so they are termed "lucky"; they have been "lucky" enough to have been born honest and faithful—two of the most valuable assets to the starter in any new country. We have seen men leave for Canada who did not look particularly bright, but they were just bright enough to keep their mouths tightly closed and to do as they were told, and they have plodded along, and in a few months have sent £100 to a friend to help him out.

Here again, at Edmonton, was a great demand for farm workers and domestics, also Railway Construction men.

I left Edmonton on Thursday morning, and travelling by Canadian Pacific Railway Branch Line reached Red Deer at noon. Now Red Deer is Edmonton's little sister, I think. She has most of her graces and many of her advantages; she is a very forward sister, and for her age has a decidedly large number of accomplishments: Lumber industry, Brickyards, Coal mines, Dairy industry in fact, she is quite perky; she boasts some quite nice buildings too, and in the residential quarter the houses are exceedingly prosperous looking. The fine college which is in the course of construction will not accommodate all the applications already received from would-be pupils.

The river scenery here is delightful. The beautiful wooded hillsides appeal to us. I was surprised to find in operation here the Canadian Bank of Commerce and Northern Crown Bank, established in good buildings. The Bank of Montreal is in temporary quarters, and will put up a fine building shortly. Over 100 houses were built in this new town during this last Summer. Railway development is going ahead, and very soon six Railway lines will meet here; altogether I came away with the impression that it was a good place to live in, but there were other cities to visit and after noting the fine land round about for mixed and dairy farming I turned towards the dépôt and left for Calgary.

Calgary is a great city, not so beautiful as Edmonton but nevertheless it has its compensations; there are the foothills round about it, the tops of the mountain look across to it, and to some of us even the remotest tip of those mountains spell inspiration—yet those who labour in this fine city have little time to dream poetry. They are a busy, energetic company; it is not necessary to go far from the dépôt to see that IT IS ALL RIGHT WITH CALGARY. A young fellow, of very ordinary appearance, but reliable, who travelled on the steamer with me, was in the city when I reached it; he had obtained employment at \$75 a month as a stenographer, and he had more than one situation to choose from. He is paying \$6 a week for good board and lodging: £15 a month pay, £5 a month to live—what will he save? The general tone of prosperity about this city is great, I went all around and about the outskirts, everywhere new buildings were springing up, new roads were being built on. The Canadian Pacific Railway are building a very fine hotel here, the Hudson Bay Company are putting up a building which will cost 1½ million dollars, this will give some idea of the class of structure to be seen in this place.

What struck me in every town was that the street cars were running on roads which are, to the English mind, like ploughed fields, but the cars were running!—that is the great thing. Business was being done. The roads can be made fine later, of course, we must not think that there are no paved streets, this part of the work is being hurried on as fast as the available labour will allow.

Everywhere throughout the Dominion there are public schools where children are not only educated free, but their health is looked after, eyes and teeth are specially cared for; I was present at a house (in Alberta) when the nurse from the school called and told the mother that her little girl was suffering from adenoids, and that they should be removed at once. Other children who were wearing glasses told me that the school doctor had found out that they needed them. We can judge from these facts that Canada is not neglecting her young people; they are catered for in every way, and if they become a little too independent because mothers often have their hands too full to correct them, they also become

self reliant. Whether we admit it or not it is poor policy to allow a child to lean on other people for everything; often talent remains dormant because the owner of it has no independent existence and has never exercised his own will. A leaner does not learn resolution.

So much for the Canadian child and his chance of success.

The Canadian Pacific Irrigated Land round and about Southern Alberta is of the best, and those who wish to start farming in this most productive province would do well to apply to the land department of the C.P.R.

I was now ready for my trip across the Rockies. The Imperial Limited, No. 1, passes through Calgary at night, leaving there at 3.20 a.m., but a standard sleeper is ready in the siding at 10 p.m. for passengers who wish to get to bed at a more convenient hour. By taking this train no part of the beautiful scenery is missed. I was awake early and saw Canmore (the Three Sisters) as a first glimpse. So much has been written of this grand mountain trip that I fear to attempt any description of it. It is sacrilege almost to rush through it, every bend on the track demands attention. The day was bright, the tops of the mountains backed by blue sky the mountain torrents rushing into the river, shimmering in their beautiful milky green. On the mountain sides the foliage was autumn tinted, and as we look toward the summit the deep green fades into brown and then come the snow clad tops. The marvelous ingenuity which thought out the working of the Canadian Pacific Railway through this rocky land, may well call for our admiration, now even at this stage, when its metals have assumed for us the nature of the long arm of friendship reaching to us, and calling to us "Come." It will ever remain a triumphal monument to those whose brains were given to its opening. The mountains are called by their names, and most fitly so.

The principal points of interest, Banff, Laggan, Field, Glacier, each have their special magnificence, but what of the hundred and one lesser twists and turns of this route. It is a feast of grandeur indeed, too wonderful to be expressed, but as we proceed we come to earth and business again.

Revelstoke presents a very busy scene, lumber industry, mining, etc., are here carried on. This is the divisional point for Arrowhead route, we purchased some of the delicious fruit at the dépôt for which this vicinity is world famed.

Our next stop was Kamloops, a good fruit district, but busy with industries such as mining, ranching, etc.; everywhere we see electricity in use.

Night follows day even in Canada, and the train was fast hurrying us on to Vancouver. If ever I wished to put the clock back it was on that memorable Sunday. Why would time fly so, and take us away from these lovely spots? Morning came, and we were

nearing the coast ; all around us were lumber mills and other factories taking advantage of the water power of the Fraser river. The scenery is still very beautiful, we are passing some busy centres now. At last Westminster Junction is reached, and then VANCOUVER.

There is a separate and distinct charm about this city ; it is young—but strong ; it is far reaching, too. The buildings here are worthy of note ; Winch, Burns and other Blocks of similar style are worth a visit. The hotels are good and numerous. The Vancouver, the well-known Canadian Pacific Hotel, is replete with every modern comfort and convenience, extensive, yet not sufficiently commodious to accomodate its numerous clients, and additions are now being made ; it is well in the centre of the city, and patronised by most business men.

Hotel tariffs are not as high as I anticipated, in fact I was surprised to find that it is possible to live in the best hotels for £5 a day, and it is also possible to get a really good, wholesome dinner in every city for a quarter ( 1/- ). To bear out this truth I carried away with me menus and price lists from the various restaurants I visited, after I had eaten the food, so proving its quality. By the meal ticket system the rate works out at considerably less than this. In most large cities, 15 cent meals are procurable, and these are good and wholesome, if very plain ; many young fellows take a room and arrange their food for themselves, and we have known a party of four men who lived in Vancouver in this way for £3 a week each ; they are depriving themselves of present comfort for future advantage, and will be among the “ lucky ” ones in a few years time.

In Vancouver we saw ample opportunity for the willing worker, there are Street Cars in operation on the South side 25 avenues outside the city limits, and these avenues have still to be paved. Much of the land is not completely cleared ; houses on some streets are more numerous than others and everywhere building is going on, electric light is available. Land values are rising rapidly, and it is easy to see justification for this.

The continually advancing trade of the Pacific and the inrush of people and capital from the Eastern provinces, as well as from other countries, is not likely to cease for some time. There is an old saying, “ Nothing succeeds like success,” and provided Vancouver keeps a level head we may look for a city of which Britishers may be proud.

The most fastidious should find ample satisfaction in the diversified beauty surrounding this place. Marine Drive, English Bay, Stanley Park, each of these would be a valuable asset to any city, but Vancouver has all three ; North Vancouver is exceedingly interesting as well as intensely beautiful. I visited Capilano Canyon, crossed the Swing Bridge, 250 feet in the air, and also walked the flume. I don't suggest that everyone should do like-

wise, as that walk on the somewhat uncertain plank—with a seat in the water, or a broken neck in the Canyon, in many cases 30ft. below, should you lose your balance—would be unattractive to many. The scenery repaid me and as I walked two miles of it, there was much worth seeing. The flume is used to float the shingle blocks down to the lumber mill, and the single plank is alongside, and not attached to, the trough ; it is there for the use of the men employed at the mill, and not for the general public, therefore everyone walking on it does so at his own risk. I must confess to sitting on the edge of the trough once or twice before fairly starting on the journey.

Westminster, a suburb of Vancouver, is a busy place, lumber industry is very active here, and salmon canning is also extensively carried on.

No one should go so far and not go further : Vancouver Island, a night's steam across the water, is worth visiting. Victoria, the principal city, is beautiful, and to those who go through Canada wishing they were in England this place will certainly appeal ; there is a restfulness about it that is very attractive. Oak Bay is exceedingly pretty, the houses in this vicinity are very English, surrounded by lawns and gardens, and railed in, quite in our own style. Here we see English sports again, and altogether it should prove a most desirable place for the Englishman and woman who have a little capital and wish to live quietly. The scenery on the Island has a unique charm, it is a veritable dream of artistic beauty, the lakes of deepest blue, hemmed in by lovely wooded hillsides, here and there the red-roofed bungalows nestling in the green foliage ; beautiful flowers and all around the scent of sweet country air. Truly it is one of the beauty spots of the earth. The mountain scenery here is fine, the trees of large dimensions and great height spell grandeur to the roads around Duncans, a pretty old-time village, some 40 miles from Victoria, whose charm is its simplicity. The road away out across the bridge and through the Indian village towards Cowichan exhibits beauty at every turn. For some distance we are closed in by huge trees, which are a veritable marvel of forest splendour, the carpet of moss and small brush growth, with here and there a dogwood tree in its autumn dress of lovely red and brown. Away we go until we reach a clearing and there we see the farm which is our stopping place. So pretty, such a delightful spot. Mine host and hostess—charming English people—have cast their lot in a pleasant land. The Jersey cows lazying in the fields greet me with their bells. ; they no doubt recognise that I am 6000 miles away from home and that my home is Jersey.

Picture a pretty house, surrounded by fields, the barn across the country roadway and the stock yard near to ; hens clutter about, a litter of fat black pigs practise grunting, now and then the dogs join the chorus. The horses are unharnessed and given a feed and



then we go to see about supper. What a happy party! Everyone helps, no one minds that maids are unavailable, there is comfort and plenty in this pleasant home. A good wood fire is burning in the sitting room, and here after supper we sit and chat cosily, no sound comes from without except the cowbells which keep up their continuous clink, clink; all around the farm are high trees, one side of the land runs to a pretty creek—most beautiful, and away behind are the mountains set in blue haze. Three delightful days I spent in this Eldorado, eating delicious apples, drinking creamy milk, visiting the little calf which is all legs, driving to see the beauty spots by Cowichan River, Maple River and Comox etc., and learning how pleasantly our educated English families can adapt themselves to this healthy, useful life.

Coal mines at Nanaimo afford employment for many. Minerals abound everywhere, railway construction work is being carried on and the Island presents a very good and pleasant place for people with or without capital.

All too soon I had to start on my homeward journey; on Sunday afternoon I took train from Duncans and met many hunters who had been spending some days on the mountains hunting deer. Not all had been successful, but they were a happy crowd. On arrival at Victoria a party of good Jersey people met and entertained me until the Canadian Pacific steamer left for Vancouver. The accomodation on these steamers is exceptionally good and comfortable. On arrival at Vancouver one of our Jersey Canadians met me—he has made good, and in less than six years is the owner of land and a comfortable house, and has a good wife; he is still in the Company he started with on his arrival in this city, his position enables him to enjoy privileges which can only be obtained by reliability and hard work, and it must be understood that he is no exception. The same reward is in this good country for all who care to work for it—the only “capital” they need is “work,” they will soon get the capital. These good men, “Capital Producers,” I call them, are the backbone of this new country, they are worth infinitely more than the man with £200 who will not work because he has “means”. So often the small capitalist goes under from false notions of his own importance; work first, and then when you have learnt the ways of the country you will know how to use your capital in business. It is safer in the bank than in a small store which you don’t know the first thing about working.

From Vancouver I travelled by the Crow’s Nest route, taking the Arrowhead sleeper at Vancouver, the inconvenience of changing at Revelstoke was thus avoided. There was much to interest us between this latter place and Arrowhead; the ingenuity which so often confronts us in Canada was most marked in the way the telegraph and telephone insulators were attached to stumps of trees, or where the stump was not in position, a piece of rough wood was attached to it and the insulator fastened to this. Some

snow had fallen and the hillside was beautiful in its early winter dress, just enough snow on every leaf, the red dogwood defying it by reason of its shape, and lending colour to the scene. The dull black wood of the fir trees lightly powdered, the beautiful green of the moss peeping here and there, who can reproduce the picture which presented itself to us on that morning ! The day was spent on the Arrow Lake, a beautiful stretch of water surrounded by wooded hillsides, the mountains towering above them ; now and again the steamer would run her nose on to the beach, and off would pop a passenger. It was interesting to see the clearings here and there, with a pretty house which looked comfortable enough. Much excitement was caused at one point when we espied two cows and no clearing in sight, no barn nor house ! Ah, here were two wanderers, surely ! Some one with sharper eyes than mine suddenly exclaimed—there it is ! And sure enough away back was the red-roofed house and more cows, and a pretty homestead it presented. There was a lawn in front of the house, and pretty flower-edged paths. The two cows were allright, we were easy in our minds about them.

Night came on before we reached West Robson and took train for Nelson. Here is a busy place prettily situated ; the whole of this district is well-known as a fruit-growing country. Mining and other industries also flourish here. From Nelson we went across the lake to Kootenay landing. Orchards were to right and left of us on this short water journey and the land was good to look upon ; some very prosperous houses have been put up, and it also tempts many as a summer camping ground.

From Kootenay landing we entrained for our last bit of mountain travelling. The beauty of the Crow's Nest Pass is all its own, the diversity of the scenery in this vicinity is its charm. Winding railway track running alongside deep Canyons, the distant snow-clad mountains, lumber mills, mining camps, orchards were everywhere, and the snow was here, and how beautiful it was ! Who, having had the privilege of a journey through this marvellous country can doubt the benefit of its winter ? Severe though it may be at times, there are ample opportunities for comfort in the homes, and for those whose work cannot be followed in winter there is more than sufficient margin in the summer pay for winter needs. But there are few who do not work all the year round, or who are not engaged on a yearly agreement. Good men are wanted, and good men are held by employers, as the short time they pay them to do nothing is a small thing in comparison to the comfort of having them ready for the spring. You doubt the truth of this statement, because it seems too good to be true, but your doubt does not dispense with fact, and a little judicious enquiry will soon convince you that Canada's winter is Canada's greatest asset. It makes her crops good, and it makes her men good and strong. "We can't all stand cold," but the greater pro-

portion of us are healthier when get it. Real good, dry cold, I mean such as our wealthy people seek in the Alps in the winter. Ask them why they go to such places for sport if cold does not suit them? We know that the children of English people are sent home from the Eastern Countries because if they remain there throughout their childhood they will grow up weaklings, but we don't send children home from Canada to get strong.

As night came on we were blessed with a brilliant moonlight, which, shining on the snow clad scene, was intensely impressive. It was bright as day and pure as crystal, and as inspiring as an Archbishop's sermon.

My personal feeling was one of sadness, surely it was not strange that I did not want to leave this lovely place, and every turn of the wheel carried me away from it. My next stopping place, Macleod, had one redeeming feature, the tops of the mountains were still visible. This old place is somewhat square and precise, it has no draperies nor fringes, it just says to the new comer, "Here I am, plain and honest Macleod, come right here and work and I'll reward you, but if you hang around lazying I'll blow you away." There was an unusual stir in this city on account of the Dry Farming convention which its more forward neighbour, Lethbridge, was holding, and Macleod called a holiday so that the people might attend. This most important event, the greatest of its class the world has ever known, is held to have been productive of much good to all concerned.

Twenty-four hours in each day and seven days in a week, just that and no more, and so to reach the Atlantic coast in time I had to keep moving, I could not forego the pleasure of one more peep at Winnipeg, it was now October 23rd, bright sunshine greeted me in this city although it was freezing hard at night. One days stop over and then away to Ottawa; here I visited the Experimental farm, surely a great boon to Canadians. These farms are operated from East to West of Canada, controlled by thoroughly capable men. Those who do not get into personal touch with the Canadian Government have little conception of the fatherly care it has for the Emigrant, whether he be farmer or not. At last I leave the seat of Government and reach Montreal, and later leave for Quebec and have a day at the Chateau Frontenac, that most palatial of Canadian Pacific Hotels. Time does not allow me to learn much of this interesting old city, but in this I leave something for next time (as we tell the children), because so far as Canada is concerned there must be a "next time" for me.

There is ample opportunity for reflection during my homeward trip on the "*Empress of Ireland*", the comfort of the steamer allowing each and all of us to enjoy ourselves, but ever is running through my mind the vastness of the Country I have left, the chances there for every willing man and woman worker in every

known walk of life. "What shall I earn", you ask me, I can only reply : "What you are worth". Start as humbly as you may, you are bound to come to your level, and be you farm labourer or mechanic, City man or Teamster, you will make good if you are prepared to "take your coat off" to it. Girls have an endless opportunity. There is no barrier to the willing woman worker ; should she be a cultured lady with a level head, why her chance is right here. When culture and commonsense are allied, Canada greets them with open arms. Domestic servants have excellent opportunities everywhere. But one word of warning to the girls, I met many who boasted of their \$25 hats which they told me they must wear—Rubbish ! Who respects a girl because of her hat, none but those whose acquaintance should be lightly valued. Don't worry about your hats, girls, by all means be neat, but don't lose sight of the fact that the sensible man is looking for a sensible girl who will help him, and your latest fashion hat will not tempt him one bit. I know this sounds old maidish, but it is the evidencê of men who have turned away from the "fashion plate lady" and taken the neat, level-headed girl, who was considered "off" by the smart ones.

EDYTHE BELLINGHAM.

JERSEY, C.I.

DECEMBER 6th, 1912.

